

SEWING MACHINES.

BRUEN SEWING MACHINE.

THE LADIES ARE LOUD IN THEIR praises of the Bruen Patent Sewing Machine.

They combine all the qualities of the higher-priced Machine, and possess some merits exclusively their own.

Prices, \$35 and \$40.
Call and see them and get specimen of work.

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IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

Price, from \$25 to \$45.

IT IS A FACT, CONCEDED BY ALL, that these Machines stand pre-eminently first in the market of Sewing Machines.

Call and examine at No. 26 West Fourth street. Very liberal discounts made to Agents.

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SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

Prices Reduced to \$50, \$75, \$110 and \$125.

Singer's New Family Sewing Machine. The price of which is only \$50, is a light and elegantly decorated Machine, capable of performing, in the best style, all the sewing of a private family.

Singer's Transverse Shuttle Machine. The price of which is only \$75, is a Machine entirely new in its arrangement. It is very beautiful, moves rapidly and easily, and, for family use, and light manufacturing purposes, is the very best and cheapest Machine ever offered to the public.

Singer's No. 1 Standard Shuttle Machine. Formerly sold at \$125, but now reduced to \$110. It is known all over the world. Every sort of work can be done with it.

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LADD, WEBSTER & CO'S, SEWING MACHINES.

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES—SILVER MEDAL AWARDED BY THE VIRGINIA STATE FAIR, MECHANICS' FAIR IN BALTIMORE, and MASSACHUSETTS STATE FAIR.

These Machines will stitch, hem, fell, blind and gather. They make a strong lock stitch, that cannot be pulled out, and they make a beautiful uniform stitch, alike on both sides of the work, without forcing ridges underneath.

The Machine has great strength, are perfectly simple, and the management of them easily acquired. Any spool of cotton, thread or silk, may be used without re-winding.

Iron folders, of improved style and finish, accompany each Machine. All Machines warranted, and full instructions given to enable purchasers to use them satisfactorily.

Send for a Circular.

EVENS' SEWING MACHINE.

I believe I make the best Lock-stitch Sewing Machine, in the world. If the purchaser does not think so after six months trial, I will refund you the money.

SIXTY DOLLARS

The Price of Machine.

Evans' Variety Machine Works.

SEWING MACHINES, MODELS FOR PATENTS, and every variety of light Machinery manufactured and repaired at F. EVANS, JR., No. 107 Walnut street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A good Tailoring Machine for sale

To the Ladies.

THE BOUDOIR

Double-Thread Sewing Machine

This Machine possesses advantages over anything now in use.

Office in Melodeon Building, corner Fourth and Walnut, upstairs.

Agents wanted in the West and South.

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W. E. BRAMAN & CO.

LADIES—IF YOU WISH A GOOD DOUBLE-Threaded Family Sewing Machine; which for practical use can not be surpassed, call at No. 9 Carleton Building, second story, corner Fourth and Walnut, and see "Hovey's" Bruen Patent Sewing Machine that can be used with either a single or double thread. It is the best Machine made, and never breaks needles. Call and see it, and send for a Circular and specimen of work.

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HOWE'S SEWING MACHINES.

(H. HOWE, Jr., Patentee of the original Sewing Machine for Family Use and MANUFACTURING PURPOSES.)

The Family Machine is well adapted for tailors' use, or for stitching, Howe's Cylinder Machine, for all leather stitching, have always held a reputation far above any other. The public are desired to examine, and purchase the best quality of work.

A. T. JACKSON, Agent.

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GROVER & BAKER,

Family Sewing Machines,

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THIS MACHINE is a great improvement upon all previous machines for family use, and is adapted to all kinds of sewing—from bobbin lace up to ten thickness of broadcloth. Local Agents wanted in every county in the Union.

SPECTACLES.

THE BEST IN USE, ACCURATELY fitted to the condition of the sight, and warranted to suit. Large assortment of

OPERA GLASSES.

At prices to suit all. Large assortment of

Stereoscopes & Views.

Of best quality, and at Eastern prices.

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A CARD.

MRS. L. V. LACEY,

(Formerly Mrs. L. V. Corlies.)
RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HER PATRONS and the public generally, that she has resumed Dress-making in all its branches, at her Emporium, Room, north-east corner of Sixth and Race streets, over Horner's Drug Store, where she will be most happy to fill all orders at the shortest notice, including Wedding Dresses, Evening Toilettes, Fancy Dresses, Mantles, Bagnettes, etc., etc., trusting that from past experience and close application, she will be able to please the most fastidious.

MRS. L. V. LACEY, ap2-2m North-east corner Sixth and Race sts.

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DENTIST,

WISHES TO CALL THE ATTENTION of the public to his style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, And would say without hesitating, that he has not inserted a single piece of ARTIFICIAL WORK in the MOUTH, BUT IS GIVING SATISFACTION TO THE WEARER.

He would say in this public manner, that if there is any of his work that is not satisfactory, he would esteem it a favor for such persons to call and see him, and he will

Make the Work over without Charge.

And for one month will insert his style of ARTIFICIAL TEETH 25 per cent. below the usual charge. Office and Residence, No. 136 Fourth street, East, Between and Elm.

OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA COFFEE—

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GLASGOW AND NEW YORK STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

STEAM TO GLASGOW, LIVERPOOL, BELFAST, DUBLIN AND LONDON, DEPART FOR \$30.

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THE PRESS.

CINCINNATI, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING.

BY EMER K. JOHNSON.

If the world condemn, oppress thee, If it scorn, deride thee now, If no loving hand caress thee, If a blight be on thy brow—

Then remember, Oh! remember, Who it afflicteth thee so— Think of God as your defender— He who leads our grief and woe.

For He "chasteneth whom He loveth," Every trial He removeth, In His own good time and way.

If the night seem dark and dreary, If clouds surround the lower, Still keep watching—ever feel we— Dawn soon follows darkest hour.

GERALD VANE'S LOST ONE.

A STORY OF HEART SLAVERY.

BY WALTER SAVAGE BOWEN.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER II.

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

Ab! it were hard to breathe through a dreary winter, the dead air of the spring; but 'tis bitter, mad'ning, to find the first sanguine hopes of a young heart crushed in the bud; to linger through the dead watches of an almost endless night, dreaming of the coming day; to dote on the little glances of seeming light, and prove them nought but the dim will-o'-wispes fluttering over the black swamp!

It was well on to noon, when I once more stood before the door of Dudley Southland's office in the Lincoln Inn. There was the busy hum of voices issuing on every side, that smote painfully upon my ear, for it seemed mocking my friendlessness.

When I entered, I found a strange gentleman seated at the desk. He eyed me deliberately through his spectacles for a moment, then motioned me to a seat.

"My name is Vane, sir," I ventured, after a momentary silence.

"Vane, Vane!—Ah, yes! Mr. D. Southland mentioned you to me this morning. An old friend of Mr. D. Southland, I believe."

"We were thrown much together by circumstances, some years ago," I returned.

"Yes, I understand. Well, Mr. Vane, I have considered the application which you made through him."

He paused, as though to watch the effect of his words upon me, then continued:

"I need more help. Poor Godfrey—God bless him! and I thought I could detect a sudden moisture on his cheeks, 'poor Godfrey has worked hard for me, till he is nearly sick; and I have determined, though it will tax my purse rather strongly, to lift the burden partly from his shoulders, and—"

At this moment the door opened, and Mr. D. Southland walked slowly in. He looked even paler than on the previous night, and the slight exertion of ascending the stairs, seemed to have bereft him of strength, for he leaned heavily upon the door-knob for support, and caught his breath tremulously.

"What, down again?" asked Mr. Southland, with an expression half of alarm and surprise. "You will kill yourself! Do go home and rest yourself."

Godfrey shook his head mournfully. "I am quite fresh again," he answered with a sad smile. "The fresh air has revived me, and now, when the fatigue of walking has passed off, I shall be as well as ever."

Dudley Southland averted his face, and for a moment rested his brow upon his hand, and when once more he turned towards his clerk, the traces of some sickening pain were visible upon his features.

"I am happy to see you to-day," said Godfrey, extending his hand. "I suppose, Mr. Southland, you are already aware that this is Mr. Vane."

"I was just speaking concerning his application when you entered. Sit down, and we three will canvass the matter. I understand, Mr. Vane, that you have been in my business."

I was wealthy, but now in my old age, I find myself almost penniless. It would, however, matter but little to me, were I alone in the world, with no one to struggle for but myself; but I have a child dependent upon me for support. To shield her from want is now my chief care. The loss of my business, and the loss of my fortune, have been a heavy blow to me, and I have been enabled to earn a livelihood; but without him."

"Don't speak so, Mr. Southland," interrupted the young man. "You it is who have befriended me."

"You see how it is, Mr. Vane," said the old gentleman, with a smile of pleasure. "Mr. D. Southland will not even accept the poor compensation of my thanks. But once more to business. I shall say to you to-day, 'It shames me,' he added, in a lower tone, 'to offer you so small a sum, but under the existing circumstances, I really am unable to name anything above that, at least for the present.'"

A poor crumb is a godsend to a hungry beggar, and with a profusion of thanks, I accepted the offer.

"The labor," continued Mr. Southland, "will not be arduous, for there is another young gentleman whom I propose taking into my employ, or rather whose father proposes taking me into employ—I have the letter which I received from him this morning. He is an old friend of mine, living at his country-seat in Devonshire, and a companion of my better days—I will read it to you."

And, taking a folded paper from his pocket, he advanced to the window, and by the dim light which forced its difficult way in through the dirty panes, commenced reading aloud:

"Golding Hall, Devonshire.

ESTEEMED FRIENDS:—Since his late visit to London, and tax upon your hospitality, my son Arthur, a quick exclamation from Godfrey D. Southland, started up, and when glanced towards him, his dark eyes were working nervously together.

Dudley Southland heard it not, and continued reading:

"He has been seized with an unconquerable desire to spend some months, perhaps a year, in tuition of the law. If you should have any vacancy or prospect of such, in your office, please communicate immediately. If agreeable, I would please me much, if matters might be so arranged as to permit him to make his residence with you. With kind regards,

Yours to command,

GEOFFREY GOLDING."

The old gentleman looked at Mr. D. Southland with a smile of pleasure, but the young man was silent, statue-like, save as his bloodless lips moved convulsively, as though they fain would give utterance to thoughts which bubbled wildly from his brain, but were crushed back again by an iron will.

Mr. Southland stood for a moment with his eyes fixed upon the pale face of Godfrey, then walked slowly forward, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. D. Southland," he asked, "what is the matter? Something has touched you! I request, yet, demand a reply."

"Nothing, nothing!" returned the other quickly, passing his fingers across his brow, "only a sudden pain here. It will be gone in a moment more."

The lawyer glanced commiseratingly at him; then turning to me:

"Mr. Vane," he remarked, "you being one of us now, allow me to request your opinion as to my better mode of action. Would you in my case comply with the request, or would you not?"

"Most assuredly," I answered. "He may prove valuably able, and the contingent expenses will be nothing."

"I am glad you agree with me. Now, my dear friend D. Southland, may I beg your opinion?"

"What is a beggar's opinion, when weighed in the balance with the desire of a Cresset?" he replied with a gloomy bitterness, that started us both. "Work your own will, Mr. South-

land, 'tis not for a pauper to canvass the merits or demerits of such a case as this. You have your own mind, sir, set upon its dictates, and you make sure of pleasing one, at least. You can't gratify the whim of every one in the world."

"You talk strangely to-day. What has happened?"

"Nothing ever happens to the chaff thrust out of the pauper's home. There is but one path of misery for him, no chance, no mayhap, but a settled walk of—of madness and despair, maybe. Nothing has happened, Mr. Southland."

"Then," continued the other, musingly, "as no one objects, I will immediately communicate to Devonshire."

But before he could conclude the sentence, Godfrey D. Southland leaped to his feet, and bent in an almost threatening attitude above him.

"Dudley Southland," he muttered fiercely, "I have labored for you, for two long years; toiled and prayed for you. From day to day, from night to night, I have dragged out a weary existence, that you and your child might be shielded from the horrors of destitution. What matter if I die? It would have been but a little dull echo of the falling sod—you would have been happy, and the world would not have missed me. I will labor still, if needs, till my fingers are worn to the bone, till my very brain goes wild; but the moment that Arthur Golding sets foot across this threshold—Dudley Southland, I swear it!—that moment!"

"Godfrey, Godfrey!" I cried, taking hold of him. "be calm. You know not what you say. Some excitement has unbalanced you."

For a moment he struggled fiercely in my grasp; then, as remembering himself, allowed me to lead him back to his seat.

"Forgive me, Mr. Southland!" he said, after a short pause, "forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive, my dear boy," replied the old gentleman kindly. "I owe you too much already. I will write a firm refusal."

"Excuse me, sir," interrupted Mr. D. Southland, "but do not attach importance to words uttered in a moment of indiscretion. Graciously Mr. Golding by all means. Since you have wished an opinion, I must now offer one."

"Then you have no objection?"